Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonoril.

Gon. Who ſtrucke my ſeruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you ſweet ſway alow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th ſtockes?
Duke. I ſet him there, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
Lear. You; did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake, ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiourne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men diſmiſt?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life afoote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter

To